

Beauty Is Skin Deep

By W. E. HILL.
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The permanent wave. When lovely woman wants to be thought even lovelier she invests in a permanent wave. Unless, of course, she is a chocolate brown beauty and already has one. In that case she sinks her money in the opposite direction and becomes permanently unwaved.



The Gilded Lily. If beauty is only skin deep, then Lilyan is going to make sure of an extra layer — with powder and rouge to work with. "Painting the Lily" is how Lilyan's mean girl friends put it — the cats!

"The mellow type of beauty that comes with middle age," (says Mrs. Fred K. Gridley-Jones in her little talk "Is Beauty Skin Deep?" before the Tuesday Afternoon Club) "depends on adapting one's clothes to one's personality." Mrs. Gridley-Jones's entire costume has been thought out carefully and adapted to her type even to the hat, which has style and dignity without looking fast.



Once in a blue moon the men have their innings, even in this dun colored world. Believe it or not, the average man is just as anxious to look beautiful as anybody else. He hasn't a chance, however, unless someone gets up a fancy dress ball. And then doesn't he cut loose.

Left—The Barber Shop Massage. Any lady who imagines that her sex has a monopoly on beauty parlor stuff had better look in on the tired business man when the barber is making him a few years younger with massage cream, trick mud, vibrators and hot towels.



"Hats make the woman," so they say. Well, maybe, but it's our own idea that a woman has to be pretty beautiful to get away with some of the hats one sees.

Left—It's fine to talk about beauty being only skin deep, and all that, and murmuring "Handsome is as handsome does" when an ugly duckling goes by, but it isn't a darn bit of use to the duckling. For instance, what are you going to do with a homely man who has all the inner feelings of an Apollo and an Adonis in one—to say nothing of Cupid, too. And if he isn't perfectly irresistible to the ladies, it's not the fault of the cosmic urge. Loves to play "creep mouse" with beautiful ladies in dark corners where they can't get away when he starts in looking arch and doing the same things with his eyebrows that Wallace Reid does.



A beauty of 1895, or thereabouts, showing pretty conclusively that beauty was just about as skin deep twenty-five years ago as it is to-day. And doubtless the 1895 girls went around looking beautiful and saying "I don't see how the styles can ever be any prettier than they are to-day."